At that, would make me glad?
King. Yea Mistris, are you so peremptorie?
I am glad on't with all my heart,
Ile tame you; Ile bring you in subiection. *Aside.*
Will you not, hauing my consent,
Bestow your loue and your affections,
Vpon a Stranger? who for ought I know,
May be (nor can I thinke the contrary) *Aside.*
As great in blood as I my selfe:
Therefore, heare you Mistris, either frame
Your will to mine: and you sir, heare you;
Either be rul'd by mee, or Ile make you,
Man and wife: nay come, your hands,
And lippes must seale it too: and being ioynd,
Ile thus your hopes destroy, and for further griefe:
God giue you ioy; what are you both pleased?
Tha. Yes, if you loue me sir?
Peri. Euen as my life, my blood that fosters it.
King. What are you both agreed?
Ambo. Yes, if't please your Maiestie.
King. It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed,
And then with what haste you can, get you to bed. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gower.

Now sleepe yslacked hath the rout,
No din but snores about the house,
Made louder by the orefed breast,
Of this most pompous maryage Feast:
The Catte with eyne of burning cole,
Now coutches from the Mouses hole;
And Cricket sing at the Ouens mouth,
Are the blyther for their drouth:
Hymen hath brought the Bride to bed,
Whereby the losse of maydenhead,
A Babe is moulded: be attent,